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Title: The Search for Forbidden Lore.

Author: \*is blotted in ink\*

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A collection of  
loose papers, shuffled  
together in what must  
have been great haste.

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Finding a tutor when  
one wishes to study  
the most reviled of  
arts, could take a  
lifetime in itself. All  
necromancers shun  
the company of the  
living in order to avoid  
discovery. The fact  
that many of the  
practitioners of the  
forgotten lore are  
driven insane by their  
magic also means that  
it is often safer to  
seek knowledge from  
books.

Books of the forbidden  
lore hold their own  
perils. Only the  
strongest-willed of  
men can read these  
tomes and retain their  
sanity, they tell of  
horrible secrets, of  
the netherworld, and  
the dark nightmares  
that the dead dream in  
their eternal sleep.

Many spells for  
waking the dead,  
summoning spirits  
and controlling simple  
skeletons are recorded  
within the pages of  
such tomes. They tell  
of rites which can  
attract dark magic, list

days when the magic  
is at its highest power  
and tell of places where  
this power gathers.

mad scholar Johann  
van Morte, known to  
later generations as  
VanMorte wrote the  
Book of the Dead. He  
claims to have  
travelled to the  
netherworld in his  
mortal body, and  
spoken with the dead.  
Driven mad by this  
journey he wrote the  
blasphemous  
masterpiece "The Book  
of the Dead". However  
he did not live to see  
the public revulsion at  
his work, as he was  
executed when he  
was discovered  
practising the art. All  
of the copies of the  
book that could be  
found were burnt on a  
great pyre in the  
centre of the fledgling  
city of Britain,  
fortunately, the  
original was never  
located, and it  
survives to this day,  
along with several  
copies.

The book itself is  
different for all those  
who look upon it; a  
human would see the  
book bound in human  
skin, whilst an elf  
would see elven skin,  
Written in ink  
distilled from the  
most powerful of  
blood, that of vampiric  
nature the very words  
themselves are  
sentient. They can  
adapt to form any  
language ever spoken  
since the dawn of  
time, to suit the  
reader.

Many of the greatest  
spells listed in the  
Necromnicon are too  
demanding for mere  
mortals, for at the  
height of his power,  
Caliph could rival the  
Gods themselves. It  
lists at length every  
Necromantic ritual  
ever practised every  
place where dark  
magic gathers and the  
nights on which it can  
be harnessed to the  
greatest effect are  
detailed.

It is rumoured that  
amongst its pages lies  
the very formula for  
attaining the exalted  
state of Lichedom,  
should one be prepared  
to pay the greatest of  
all prices for such a  
glorious  
transformation.

Doom-laden  
prophecies fill the  
book, and they tell of a  
time when the world  
is in ruins, and only  
the dead walk under  
the sunless skies,  
where immortal  
vampires and  
dread-Liches rule  
over pitiful mortal  
slaves.

It is said that any,  
who look upon the  
book, shall be  
consumed by a  
madness from which  
there is no escape.  
Perhaps the one copy  
of the Necromnicon  
that exists holds  
indisputable proof that  
Caliph's predictions  
are true and that  
mortal are already  
doomed to eternal  
slavery.

